

A PAGE OF FUN FOR YOUNG AND OLD TO REMIND ONE THAT LIFE IS NOT ALL SHADOW

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SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



BROAD AN' CHESTNUT

By BUNNY



READY WITH A REASON



Officer (wearily)—Now, Smith, you've already had leave because your wife was ill, because your little girl had measles and because you had to attend the christening of your youngest son. What—er—what is it this time?

Private Smith (briskly)—Please, sir, I'm going to get married.

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA COOKS ON THE GAS STOVE DURING THE SUMMER

By FONTAINE



The Young Lady Across the Way

THE GUMPS—Andy Takes Up Amateur Photography

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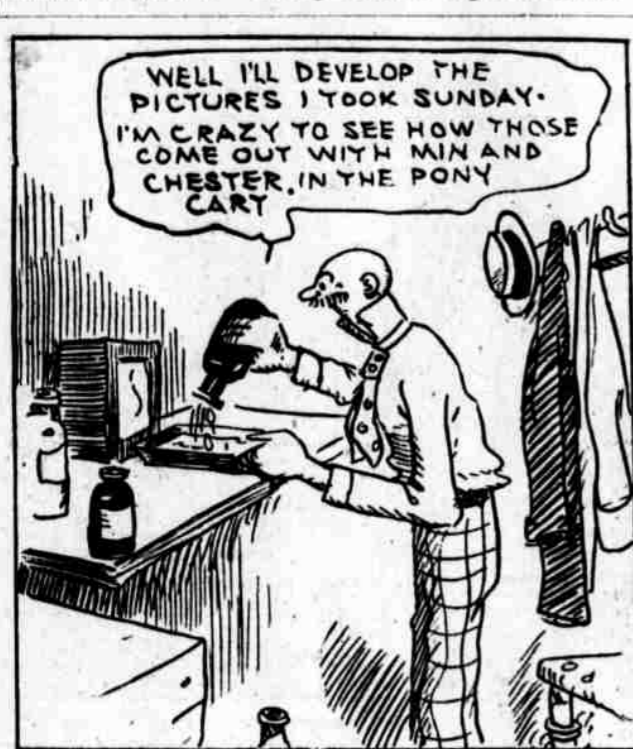


We asked the young lady across the way if the young painter was an impressionist and she said she guessed so as she understood he'd been engaged to several different girls.

ALL BUT—By BUNNY



My check at noon  
Was thirty cents  
30cts  
I handed him A Dollar  
The bandit tried To Keep the change But I Put up A Holler!



Auntie Is in Bad  
"I must say this khaki camping skirt is a loose fit."  
"Why, auntie! That's the boys' tent you have on!"—Louisville Courier Journal.

LEGS



—London Opinion.  
That uniform does show up your legs so, dear. I'm glad we didn't buy that Chippendale furniture—people would have made such odious comparisons.

Dear Old Summer  
Little flops in water,  
Little clothes on sand,  
Make the dear old seashore  
Like the promised land.  
—Harvard Lampoon.

WAS WILLING TO OBLIGE



"I asked her if I could see her home."  
"And what did she say?"  
"Said she would send me a picture of it."

Reason to Be Spry

Jimmy—Gee, your grandma is a spry old lady.  
Jennie—Well, hadn't she ought to be? Her father lived to be a centaur and her mother was almost a centipede.—St. Louis Republic.

Classified

"Oh!" cried the summer boarder, as a couple of calves trotted across the field, "what pretty little cowlets."  
"You're mistaken thar, mum," replied the farmer, "them's bullets."—Woop Garoo.

A Gain on the Balance



—The Passing Show.  
"Farmer Walker tells me that you have had five wives, James."  
"An so ol 'ave, miss, an' wot's more, three on 'em was good ones."

RESTAURANT RATIONS



Absent-minded City Man (who has been absorbed in his newspaper)—Excuse me, miss—I really forget—have I had my luncheon?

The Nerviest Folks in the World  
The guy who borrows your dress suit to take your girl to a dance.  
The professor who prescribes his own text-book for use in the course.  
The section instructor who borrows your lead pencil to mark your paper E.—Awwan.

PETEY—The Hardest Part Is Keeping the Cloth Out of It

By C. A. VOIGT

